

REAL ESTATE.

AT 2.30 P. M.

10.55 A. M.

STATION IN MINUTES LATER, FOR

n Park

ARLUM RR.
FOR FREE PASSER,
M AGENTS AT EITHER DEPOT.
REAL ESTATE CO.,
OWAY. (2d door.)
JUST OPENED from \$100 to \$200.

o-morrow to

SDALE,

d Central Depot, only seven miles from
Westchester County. Lots at \$100 to
\$150 per month.
ONLY TWO WEEKS LONGER.

IMPROVEMENT CO.,
rs St., New York.

LAKE PARK,
N. WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
25 and Upwards.
0.39 A. M. and 2.15 P. M.
tion at 1.35 P. M.
GUARANTEED
E INSURANCE CO. OF N. Y.
ND PROSPECTUS TO MAIN OFFICE.
D OFFICE.
LBORG & CO.

Invest at New City of "DEPEW"
Vanderbites are building it all rolling stock of
all their roads to be used in locomotive works
costing \$700,000 (foundation walls 2 miles long,
new building, etc.) and information, G. M. Bailey,
Secretary, 163 World Building, New York. If de-
sired, investments guaranteed to pay.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHARLEM RIVER PARK CASINO and Gardens
open for engagements for picnics. 2d ave.

**FULL SIZE
PNEUMATICS**

\$70,
USUAL PRICE \$100.

**FULL SIZE
CUSHION TIRED,**

\$50,
USUAL PRICE, \$75.
INSTRUCTION FREE.

**INSTRUCTION FREE.
EASY PAYMENTS.
INSPECTION INVITED.
OPEN EVENINGS.
AMERICAN**

ORMONDE CYCLE CO.
2081-83 Seventh Avenue.

Boker's Bitters
—THE ONLY PERFECT BITTERS—
—REGULATES THE STOMACH—
—DELICIOUS IN ALL DRINKS—

CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB.
SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

OPENING AND SUBURBAN DAY.
 Trains from East 34th St. Ferry, 10.10 and every
 hour thereafter.
 Special Car-Park train at 1 o'clock.
 Bows from East Whitehall st.,
 terminus of all elevated roads,
 11.19 A. M.
 and last hourly after.

"Delicious!" I said, and she hurried into the kitchen, which adjoined the parlor dining room. As she raised the lid of the stewpan, which stood on the stove, its contents gently simmering, a white, savory steam rose around her like

"Taste it," she said to her husband, who, having obeyed her, pronounced it perfect.

She put the spoon to her own lips, then said slowly, "No, there is something wanting." After a thoughtful pause her

face brightened and she exclaimed, "Of course, I have forgotten the laurel leaf!" She went over to the piano, and smiling gayly, unconscious of sacrilege, picked with her plump little hand the last leaf from the Virgilian wreath. I was horror-stricken, but Mark Anthony seemed utterly indifferent; he was evidently accustomed to see his former glory absorbed

A quarter of an hour later I thought no more of it, for we sat down to dinner, and the stew, with its slight savor of laurel, was indescribably delicious. — *Translated by Isabel Smithson for Romance.*